

# THE AMERICAN

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## THE AMERICAN.

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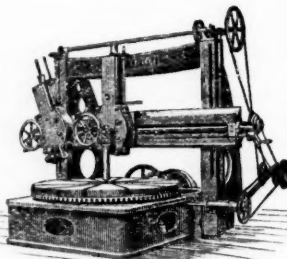
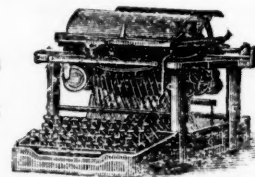
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# THE AMERICAN.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 329.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE death of ex-President Arthur, though not unexpected by his friends, was a painful surprise to the country at large, as there was hope of his entire recovery. Its announcement called forth an expression of nearly unalloyed regret from all classes and all parties. Mr. Arthur became President of the United States under extremely painful circumstances; but his general propriety and dignity of behavior conciliated the public regard. He retired from office with the good wishes of the American people. His two great mistakes,—his trip to Albany to help Mr. Conkling's reelection, and his offer of a place on the Supreme Court bench to that gentleman—were palliated by the consideration that they were prompted by his loyalty to the political chief whose nomination made him Vice-President. And with that exception his nominations to great offices under the national government were singularly good,—better indeed than those made by Mr. Garfield.

It is also to Mr. Arthur's credit that it was under his administration that the first important legislation for the reform of the Civil Service was obtained, and that his own course was one of loyal and vigorous enforcement of that law. Indeed the only conspicuous breakdown of his administration was in the prosecution of the Star Route thieves. We do not blame him for the failure of the prosecutions, but for leaving the peculiar public of the District of Columbia any room to doubt the degree of his interest in securing the conviction of Messrs. Brady, Dorsey and their associates.

THE death of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his seventy-ninth year, removes another of the great figures of the war period. Mr. Adams was as necessary and as useful to the country in London, as Mr. Lincoln in Washington or General Grant at the front. It was well for the nation that a genuine son of the old statesman who said "I take the responsibility," was our representative at the Court of St. James. A more responsible diplomatic position never was conferred upon any American citizen since Jay's mission to the same government. He had to study the drifts of English feeling both inside and outside the governing classes, to fight the battle of the Union on foreign soil, and to adapt his official communications to the exact situation in London. His immediate superior, Mr. Seward, was no master of the *suaviter in modo*. More than once his despatches were couched in terms which seemed justifiable enough in the atmosphere of Washington, but would have done harm in that of London. Mr. Adams "took the responsibility" of communicating them in such a shape as made them most harmless for evil and effective for the good Mr. Seward intended. He upheld the national dignity under the most trying circumstances, gave a general direction to the great work of keeping the main current of the national feeling—as distinguished from the aristocratic, governmental and metropolitan currents—on the side of liberty and Union, and made the enemies of the good cause keep their hostilities within the bounds of decency. England owes even more to him than does America for this service. It was just his strenuousness that kept Lord John Russell from rolling up a far heavier account to be settled after the war, than that which finally came before the Geneva Tribunal.

The Adams family have great abilities, but it is not their good fortune always to get into positions where they can use them to the best advantage of their country. But no Adams—not even John Quincy, battling in Congress for the right of petition—was ever more distinctly the right man in the right place, than was Charles Francis Adams in those eventful years. Peace to his ashes!

THE President has done an extremely unwise and inconsistent thing in restoring Mr. Benton of Missouri to the district-attorneyship, from which he had removed him for making political speeches. In the published correspondence relating to the case Mr. Benton admits that he was more concerned with the conduct of the campaign than with the duties of his office, and that he thought it enough to arrange his engagements so as to enable him to get back to the latter once a week. And he denies that the duties of the office were neglected because of his absences. Mr. Cleveland does not exactly accept this explanation as sufficient. But he seems to think that Mr. Benton meant well, and proceeds to pare down the meaning of his "order" on the subject until it means very little indeed. As the outcome of the correspondence and the transaction, it is left for office-holders to infer that if they keep themselves to as much speech-making as they think will permit of a proper discharge of their duties, and take care to make no speeches against the Administration, they need have no fear of removal. They may give their best energies to politics, and Mr. Cleveland will be content with the leavings for the nation.

At the same time it must be said that the "order" itself is an absurdity, and must lead to absurdities. It was a source of endless ridicule in Mr. Hayes's time, and it will be the same under Mr. Cleveland. The only way to make sure that office-holders and their rivals the office-seekers will not be the controlling influence in politics, is to dissociate change of office from change of party. And for that even our reformers are not ready.

COL. JOHN MOORE has been made Surgeon-General of the United States army. So far as we can learn, Col. Moore is an able and efficient officer, and has been in the medical service for more than thirty years. But he was not entitled to this promotion, and he would not have received it if he had not been a Democrat, whose "claims" were supported by a large number of prominent men in his own party. Dr. Baxter stood next in the line of promotion, and between him and Col. Moore there were five or six medical officers, any of whom is Col. Moore's equal. Republican presidents refrained from filling this office on partisan grounds. They appointed Democrats to it, when seniority and merit gave a Democrat the best claim. And this is but one of several instances in which the scientific service has been dragged down to the partisan level by this "reforming" administration.

THE Civil Service Commission are about to examine into the charges brought against Postmaster Harry by the Civil Service Reform Association of Philadelphia. The suspicions of the Association were aroused as to the methods by which the new rules have been applied in the Philadelphia Post-Office, by what they regarded as the symmetry with which competitive clerkships were distributed among the various wards of the city, and the uniformity with which they were assigned to one class of partisans. It was not unnatural to suppose that Mr. Harry had taken a leaf out of Mr. Veazey's book, and that some one had got access to the whole list of successful competitors in order to select Democrats. The Association also believed that they had evidence to corroborate this suspicion. Mr. Harry, however, has met the charges with a very emphatic denial, and calls for their proofs. The visit of the Commission will give opportunity to present these, and may free the local organization from the suspicion of over-hasty action, which is entertained at present by many who are not admirers of Mr. Harry's official performances.

IN his speech at Huntington in this state Mr. Blaine criticised our prevalent type of Civil Service Reform by referring to the investigation into the English Civil Service. He said the English



had been held up to us as a model of what a reformed Civil Service ought to be, and yet that the English administration proposes a searching examination into its abuses. This naturally led to a newspaper controversy, and to a fuller explanation on Mr. Blaine's part. He denies that he is anything but a friend of Civil Service Reform, but he still objects to the use of the English Civil Service as the model to which Americans are pointed. He contends, and justly, that in some important respects our unreformed service was better than anything they have attained to. In response to this the reformers deny that they ever held up the English Civil Service as worthy of admiration and imitation in all respects; and they insist that Mr. Blaine has been misled by one of Mr. Smalley's despatches into an exaggerated estimate of the evils which afflict the English service, and of the reforms which Lord Randolph Churchill proposes to achieve by his commission of inquiry.

We are obliged to dissent very strongly from both sides in this controversy. We think with Mr. Blaine that British example has weighed far too much with our reformers, and that the competitive examination system is an exotic which has no root in American soil. But we also think that they have neglected to give due attention to the best and most redeeming feature of the British system,—that permanence in the tenure of office, for which our reformers seem to care nothing, and to which Mr. Blaine objects with great vigor. That is not an exotic. It existed under our national government through all the earlier administrations, as one of the wholesome traditions inherited from England. It was overthrown only by the influence of New York politicians, whose own state enjoyed the spoils system for decades before it effected a lodgment in our national practice. It is true that the examination method was expected to secure something like this in those subordinate positions to which it could be applied. But the career of the present administration has confirmed amply our prediction that the politicians would find the means to make examinations of no avail against the claims of party workers.

AN outline of the report of the Postmaster-General has been given to the newspapers, in advance of its official publication,—a very sensible arrangement, by the way, as these reports miss proper consideration through coming all at once upon the public. The figures show that we are the greatest letter-writing community in the world, exceeding Great Britain by perhaps a hundred million letters a year, and sending through the mail more newspapers than do all the other nations inside the Postal Union, which now embraces the civilized world.

During the year, there were 22,747 appointments of postmasters, of which only 587 were to fill vacancies left by death, and 9,112 for vacancies left by resignation or the expiration of commissions. The remaining 13,048 were simple removals from office to make room for hungry and often inefficient partisans. Of these 1,039 were made by the President, and the rest by Mr. Vilas and his subordinates. Mr. Vilas hints at "many violations of the law" which have been detected by the changes thus made. We hope the Senate will give him the chance to specify how many. With the humiliation inflicted on the Commissioner of Pensions at the last session fresh in mind, officials should be careful of bringing wholesale charges against the Republicans they displaced.

Mr. Vilas insists that the foreign mail service has been satisfactory, in spite of the refusal of the majority of the American steamship companies to accept the compensation he offers for the carriage of the mails. As Mr. Vilas has also expressed publicly his satisfaction with the condition and workings of the Philadelphia post-office, we may presume that this opinion has nothing to do with the feelings of that part of the public which is especially interested in the foreign mail service. That the mails should be carried in "tramp" steamships, which postpone their departure until they can get a cargo, or should arrive four or five days later by a foreign line than if they had been carried by an American line, is a small matter in the eyes of our Postmaster-General. But it is not so in the eyes of American merchants.

The revenue of the post-office of course has suffered from the reduction of letter-postage; but we cannot make out from Mr. Vilas's report whether there has been a surplus or a deficit in the accounts. We infer the latter.

WEDNESDAY was the day fixed for opening the bids for the new cruisers in the Navy Department. At this writing it is still unascertained whether any bids, or bids from more than a single firm, will be offered. It is true that the plans and specifications have been furnished to five or six firms at their own request; but the uncertainties of a government whose department of justice can set aside the contracts of its navy department are not tempting to those who are asked to make such great ventures. The Messrs. Cramp already have obtained the contract for the dynamite boat on terms which sound very severe.

IF there be any sense of decency in the Democratic majority of the next House, they will not allow Mr. Elliott to sit for the South Carolina district heretofore represented by Mr. Smalls, the colored member of the present house. The district is overwhelmingly Republican, but the whole machinery of election is in the hands of the Democrats, and the state election law seems to have been devised to facilitate frauds. In some parts of the district no polls were opened. In others the election officials deliberately vitiated the results of the election, in order that they might be thrown out. One election judge defaced seventy-five ballots with his own hand, and then reported them "mutilated." By such means as this Mr. Smalls's majority was destroyed, and Mr. Elliott received the certificate. It is fortunate that a very few honest Democrats will be enough in the next House to correct these iniquities. It will need even fewer than were required to defeat Mr. Hurd's claim to the Toledo district.

THE Pennsylvania Senatorship, it is well shown, will fall into the hands of Mr. Quay. The reasons against such a disposition of it are conclusive from the standpoint of many Republicans, but the influences in its favor are overwhelming among those politicians who control the party machine. It is now very likely that no other candidate will be named in the Legislative caucus. In New Jersey, as in Indiana, the final showing of the elections of members of the Legislature is that the Democrats will have control, on joint ballot, by a majority of one or two, and so will gain in each case a member of the Senate. This will make the Senate, as we showed some weeks ago, stand,—after March 4, 1887,—39 Republicans to 37 Democrats. But this is counting Mr. Riddleberger, of Virginia, with the Republicans; if he should at any time vote with the Democrats, there would be a tie, 38 to 38. Mr. Riddleberger is a very uncertain quantity, though perhaps less likely, now, to leave the Republicans than he might have been before the recent break-up in Virginia politics. Still another element of uncertainty in the problem is the question who will be chosen Senator from Nebraska. The term of Mr. Van Wyck expires, and he is a candidate for re-election. But he has been repeatedly out of line with the other Republican Senators upon questions of importance, and if he should be returned, his unsteadiness might be as much anticipated as that of Mr. Riddleberger.

Altogether, it is very plain that the Congress from March 4, 1887, to March 4, 1889, will be one very closely balanced in both Houses, and that the difficulties of vigorous legislation will be rather increased than diminished.

IN Indiana the result still is somewhat uncertain, as the Republicans control the lower branch of the Legislature, and as there are contested seats enough, and more than enough, to shift the majority on the joint ballot. It is evident that the Democrats do not like the prospect, and Mr. McDonald talks of preventing an election of a Senator by the withdrawal of the Democratic majority in the State Senate. The Republicans have had provocation enough in the infamous gerrymander by which they were to be deprived of the control of both branches. But we feel assured that

under the leadership of such men as Mr. Harrison they will not have recourse to any measures in the House which would sully their honor, or give a pretext for extreme steps by the Democrats in the Senate. Indeed they cannot afford to do it. They are flying at higher game than the senatorship, and they would find the senatorship itself too much to carry, if they obtained it by unfair means. It is not to be forgotten that Indiana is the only State brought back into the Republican line since 1884, and that to Mr. Harrison mainly belongs the credit of this achievement.

THE Iroquois Club of Chicago has had its annual political banquet, to which Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Beck and other Free Trade statesmen were invited. The speaker in response to a toast "American Industries," delivered a Free Trade lecture, just such as is to be heard in half our American colleges. It was doctrinaire to the last degree, and showed that Mr. Carlisle knows as little of the actual workings of a nation's industrial growth as he knew of what was going on in the Covington district in the weeks before the election. In none of his previous deliverances did Mr. Carlisle commit himself so entirely to the glittering platitudes of the English economists. In this instance he showed no reserve, but enunciated the Cobdenite gospel with a breadth which reminds us of Mr. Robert J. Walker's Treasury Report. Probably his irritation at Mr. Thebe and other Protectionists in the Covington district made him so frank. At any rate, Mr. Carlisle never can skulk behind the name of Revenue Reformer after this speech, nor can anyone who gives him support in his ambitions toward the speakership or the presidency.

THE Vermont Senate has rejected the law conferring the suffrage in local and municipal elections upon women who pay taxes. This we think a mistake, as the law would tend to a more economical administration of local government. But the Senate seemed to fear that this law involved the admission that women have a natural right to vote, and that the suffrage in state and national elections could not be withheld, if so much as this were granted. It might be claimed with some fairness that tax-payers have a natural right to vote in elections whose results clearly and directly affect the levying and expenditure of the taxes; and this was all that the bill did concede. The measure is one of the many for such a purpose which have passed one branch of the legislature and then failed in the other.

THE trial of McQuade, who was charged with receiving a bribe to vote for the charter of the Broadway railroad, has terminated in a disagreement of the jury after they had been out for two days trying to come to a verdict. It is hard to believe that the jurymen who stood out for acquittal were actuated by honest motives. Two of the incriminated aldermen appeared in the witness-box at this trial, and told the whole story of the rascality by which the Board had been induced to give away this valuable franchise. The special evidence against Mr. McQuade was too strong to leave a reasonable doubt in the mind of any impartial man. Either political partisanship must have deflected the judgment of these jurymen, or else the jury was "fixed" to prevent conviction. If the latter was true, there ought to be some way of discovering and punishing it.

MAYOR GRACE of New York has appointed two ladies,—Miss Dodge and Mrs. Agnew,—members of the Board of Education in that city. This action was in response to petitions very extensively signed by the ladies of the city, who believe that the educational interests of the rising generation will be the better attended to when their sex has some voice in the administration of the schools. And in this we agree with them. Men are everywhere disposed to economize too much in the matter of the outlay upon the schools. In some parts of the country they take the teacher they can get cheapest, in the face of the protests of their wives. It is woman's highest function to care for personal rights and wel-

fare, and for that reason they frequently outrun the more abstract sex in the value they set upon a good education.

A RECENT decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts declares the Sunday laws passed two centuries ago to be in full vigor in that commonwealth. As a consequence the prosecution of any gainful calling is unlawful on that day, and demands the activity of the police for its suppression. Milk may not be delivered, nor faces shaved, nor prescriptions filled, nor street cars run, nor newspapers sold on the streets. The police of Boston appear to have assumed the right to discriminate in the matter to some extent. No arrests were made last Sunday, but a large number of persons, druggists and others, were notified to appear before the city magistrates to answer for breaking the law.

Certainly the best thing to do with a bad law is to enforce it, and the course taken by the friends of a strict Sabbath observance may result in securing the substitution of more rational legislation. It will not do to suppress all Sunday business, although every city would gain by the suppression of the practice of carrying newspapers on the streets, and none would suffer much by the closing of the barber-shops. But the sale of articles of food whose quality must deteriorate if not preserved with particular care, ought to be allowed; and the interest of the sick should be consulted in keeping the drug-stores open. But if the Sunday laws are to be altered, Boston should rid herself at the same time of the disgraceful statute which makes open-air preaching a criminal offense.

THE performance of the Greek comedy—the Acharnians of Aristophanes—in New York for the benefit of the Archaeological School at Athens, by the students of our University, seems to have given the same degree of pleasure to competent critics of the performance that it did in Philadelphia, and to have justified the request for its repetition by the principal Greek scholars of the country. But it was attended by a sudden rush of scholarship to the head of that capable and accomplished person, the New York reporter. He at once discovered that it was an amateur performance, a fact already known to the public. He made surprising discoveries as to the true standard of Greek pronunciation, and condemned the performers for not coming up to his discoveries. He saw no fun in situations the most comic that the brain of Aristophanes ever devised. And finally he took refuge in a study of the calves of the legs of the young men, as the only way to escape being bored by "a game he did not understand." In a word, those headquarters of infallibility, the newspaper offices, made the discovery that the Greek scholars of all our principal colleges, who had witnessed the first performance, were quite mistaken in asking that it be repeated. The *Tribune* and the *Times*, however, were exceptions to this carping style of criticism. Mr. Thomas Davidson is the only gentleman of recognized standing in literature who has given public expression to his dissatisfaction. Exactly what he expected we do not know, but if we may judge from the intimations of his letter, the fault of the performance was in not reading Rosmini's philosophy into Aristophanes's fun.

THE prosecution of the Salem boycotters before the court in Plymouth, Mass., has terminated in a disagreement of the jury, five, it is said, standing out for acquittal. This, it is conceded, is substantially a victory for the defendants, and the more so as the treatment of the case by the Commonwealth pointed out more carefully than ever before what are the clearly illegal steps to enforce a boycott, and how these can be avoided. In this case the defendants had the advantage of having offered no violence, indulged in no threats, and levied no blackmail. As the suit was aimed at the agent of the Knights of Labor, it was important to show that the man who was joined with him in the interview with the employer was not acting with him. If he had been, a case of conspiracy might have been made out, but one person cannot conspire alone.



It will be found very difficult to secure verdicts against boycotters who have the wit to abstain from violence and threats. No such verdict has been secured as yet, for the Theiss boycotters put themselves into the hands of the law by their own stupidity. The public gain from this failure to punish boycotting pure and simple is that nothing would be more likely to embitter the relations of capital and labor. The ethical considerations which condemn the practice are too fine to be apparent to any but those who suffer by it. The workingmen believe they have the right to do this, and that nothing stands in the way of it but bench-made law. And to such law they will submit only under penalty, and will hate the whole administration of such justice. This is a worse peril to the community than any consequences which might result from the practice itself.

THE "Cabinet" to be appointed by Governor Beaver already attracts attention,—especially among those who look forward to securing places by reason of the political change in the State Administration. The Governor has three positions of note in his gift, those of the Attorney-General, the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and the Adjutant-General. The first, of course, is the most important, and if Gen. Beaver secures a competent successor to the present officer he will do well. The appointment of Mr. Cassidy, when it was made in 1883, by Mr. Pattison, was generally esteemed a mistake, and THE AMERICAN, we think very likely, so regarded it, but it is now only fair to say that his service to the public has been rendered with both fidelity and ability. For Secretary of the Commonwealth Chairman Cooper has been named, and he is certainly well entitled to the place, if he is not disqualified by the clause in the Constitution which forbids a member of the Legislature from being appointed to any civil office under the State, during the term for which he shall have been elected. That this does disqualify Mr. Cooper seems pretty plain.

A very good suggestion for a place in the "Cabinet" is that of Mr. Marriott Brosius, of Lancaster. Mr. Brosius would make an excellent Secretary of the Commonwealth. Col. D. H. Hastings, of Bellefonte, it is said will be Adjutant-General.

THE affairs of Bulgaria remain as unsettled as ever, and the Sobranje seems to have abandoned its search for a prince to succeed Alexander. Its choice fell upon Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, with great unanimity, but the Danish royal house decided, in family council, that the risk was too great, as Russia had refused to accept the prince. He is, it is true, the Czarina's brother, but he also is brother to the Prince of Wales and to the King of Greece. Thereupon Russia nominated Nicholas, the nominal prince of Mingrelia, in the Caucasus, and who is simply the Czar's aide-de-camp, and a hereditary pensioner of the Russian Government. This move seems to have roused Austria and England to more active resistance. They are said to have opened negotiations with the King of Denmark to secure a reconsideration of Prince Waldemar's refusal; and it is notable that Austria takes a decidedly hostile tone, not only in the speeches of her ministers, but in public papers.

Italy, as usual, gives her adhesion to England's policy, and it is claimed that even Germany is on the same side. Certainly the check offered by the Prussian government to Russia's attempt to raise a loan in Germany, does not indicate much cordiality in that quarter; and there may be truth in the report that the alliance of the three emperors is at an end. If so, then France is the only friend Russia has left, and Germany will not allow France to move in the matter further than she chooses.

In Austria it is asserted publicly that the Czar is out of his mind, and that a madman must not be left to be the arbiter of national destinies. There certainly is the appearance of a fierce personal resentment, rather than of a public policy, in the Russian treatment of Bulgaria and its last prince. And Alexander III. has already passed the point of age beyond which a Romanoff cannot be trusted to carry his wits with him.

THE death of M. Paul Bert has removed a somewhat picturesque figure from French politics. Of all the modern statesmen of France, he seemed the most to embody the spirit of the Mountain. We can imagine him sitting with Marat on the Committee of Public Safety. Our times do not call for or permit wholesale proscriptions; but the absolutist temper of the men of 1793, who construed liberty as the right to terrorize the rest of mankind, was in his character. His chief difference from them was his atheism, which made him less idealist and less hopeful than the leaders of the Mountain.

The ruin of a French ministry simply by his appointment to the portfolio of education and worship, showed that M. Bert was more than even the third republic could stand. It seems also to have satisfied him that public life at home had for him no career worthy of his talents. This and his scientific tastes appear to have decided him to accept the appointment to the Assam court, where his peculiar abilities no doubt found full scope in maintaining the influence of France.

As a man of research and a scientific author M. Bert deserves praise, although in the former capacity he shares the reproach of his master, M. Claude Bernard, of showing a callous indifference to animal suffering.

THE relations between the two courts at Rome, instead of becoming more friendly, are growing less so. It is said that since his recent illness Leo XIII. has taken the Order of Jesuits into as great favor as they enjoyed under Pius IX., and that the effect of this is seen in his attitude toward all public questions. It is announced that he is preparing a blast against King Humbert and the Italian government which will be heard on the Quirinal hill. But it is to be remembered that the whole of the present Pope's policy has been directed toward the restoration of the temporal power by means of his diplomatic suavities. Italy is the one government with which he has not been at peace, and never can be so long as the Italian capital is at Rome. Hence the promptness with which a street brawl at the second funeral of Pius IX., was used at the Vatican to reinforce the assertion that the head of the Church was no longer safe in Rome. The sacredness of the temporal power he, like Pius IX., has exalted almost to the rank of an article of the faith. Father Curci who called it in doubt could not have been dealt with more harshly if he had denied an article of the creed. But some future Bishop Fessler will put this into the list of papal assertions which bind nobody's conscience, because they "do not concern faith or morals."

EVEN Chili begins to turn her back upon Free Trade. Almost from the start her great land owners have controlled the government, and frowned upon any policy which might foster any other forms of wealth. It seems, however, to have occurred to them that it was extremely poor policy to send their wool-clip round the world to be spun and woven, and then take their pay in English cloth and shoddy, and that more cloth would be obtained in exchange for the wool if it were to be spun and woven at home. Nothing is said of the enactment of a protective tariff; but the government has withdrawn its patronage from the agents of foreign houses, and resolved to clothe its troops only in native woollens. This points in but one direction, in the long run.

#### THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

BUT one man who has held and quitted the office of President now survives. The death of Mr. Arthur has left Mr. Hayes alone. The fatalities of the past few years amongst those public men who had been candidates, successful or unsuccessful, for the Presidency, furnish a conspicuous theme for comment. Mr. Arthur however, departing at fifty-six, was among the youngest of them all. Mr. Tilden had burned out the flame of life, and so very nearly had Mr. Seymour, while General Grant, though he was not old, had passed through experiences that might well represent the weight of years. General Garfield was a younger man, it is true,

but his departure was violent and untimely. General Hancock was born six years earlier than Mr. Arthur, but died only a year sooner.

The general testimony to the merits of the President just dead is striking. No voice has been raised to condemn, and almost none even to disparage. The reason for this is one which may well serve to strengthen and encourage every great officer of the Republic,—the simple fact that under trying circumstances he bore himself with dignity and strength, and refusing to misuse the power he had acquired, strove instead to do his duty to the nation. The recognition of this fact is that which swells the sincere chorus of praise behind his bier; for sincere it is. The absence of a merely conventional expression of regret, the presence of candid and real regret, are too apparent for question.

Mr. Arthur was not a great man, by any means, nor was he, in several important particulars, an ideal President. He had not the public experience nor the intellectual breadth which a great President would have. But his carriage was manly. He had the dignity of a strong man. Whoever met him felt that the great office he held was not discredited,—that here was an American called virtually from private life to the highest place in the State, who might meet without unfavorable contrast the proudest prince of the oldest dynasty. It was, indeed, the public sense of the dignity of his administration, as of his own personal bearing, which did so much before his death, as well as since, to call forth favorable criticism. The American people at heart idolize the Presidency. They have other chaplets for favorites, but this is the greatest. There are other mansions of honor, but none equal to the White House. The President who courts them with cheap devices may gain a cheap applause, but he who makes them feel that he represents them fitly in his office, strength for strength, manhood for manhood, will draw out, as the President now dead does, their deeper and truer eulogies.

The chief feature of Mr. Arthur's administrative success, apart from the quality of its personal dignity, was that he broke the precedent of the Vice Presidents. He did not, it is true, act as Mr. Garfield would have acted, but he did not, like Johnson and Tyler, and measurably Fillmore, antagonize and reverse the policy of the chief whom the accident of death called him to succeed. This was a notable change in the experience of the nation, and did honor to the man who made it. Mr. Arthur had none of the "my policy" temper in him; he recognized the circumstances that had called him to the Presidency, and comprehended that these demanded of him a peculiar delicacy and sobriety in the discharge of his duties. After the summer of 1882, at least, it may be said that his course was conservative of the public interests, as it was of the strength of the Republican party, and had it not been for his unfortunate lack of vigorous sympathy with the Protectionist convictions of the Republican masses, there would have been strong reason, in 1884, for nominating him to a new term of service. It was the fiscal feebleness of Mr. Folger, and the Free Trade heresies of Mr. McCulloch that took away from the President what he might easily have won,—the hearty support of the Protection Republicans. Had he been renominated with their earnest aid, he might have carried the State of New York, and have been elected. His weakness lay in his lack of acquaintance with great public questions, and Mr. Frelinghuysen led him into diplomatic quicksands on one hand, while Mr. Folger and Mr. McCulloch were falling into financial ones on the other. Yet, all in all, he did well, and such is the declaration of the country at his grave.

#### THE FISHERIES PROBLEM ONCE MORE.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is not contented with the emphatic way in which his proposed treaty of reciprocity has been thrown overboard by the State Department. He now comes forward with a proposal for a new Fisheries Commission, like that which met at Halifax under the Treaty of Washington. The new, like the old, would consist of three members,—one Englishman,

one American, and a third from some continental country. France is suggested as supplying the third, probably to assure us that he expects no such luck as to get to Belgium this time. The new commission would sit at Washington, and would assess the sum the United States would pay Canada for the free use of her fishing-banks besides admitting Canadian fish free of duty to our ports.

This proposal is somewhat better than we secured in 1870. It is not likely that the new commission would be crammed with false statistics as to the value and extent of the Canadian fisheries. It is extremely probable that our commissioner would have some intervals of sobriety during the sittings of the Commission, as he would be under the eye of the Secretary of State. Something also would be gained by not having a Belgian, *i. e.*, a brevet-Englishman, act as umpire. But there are several decisive reasons against the proposal. The first is that nobody in America, and least of all our fishermen, want to make any such bargain. They tell us that the Canadian inshore fisheries have lost their importance, and that the market for fish secured by our own fishermen far more than makes up for the loss of them. Indeed it is this proposal for a new Fisheries Commission that the National Senate has expressly refused to entertain. And while we are suffering nothing by the present uncovenanted situation of things, Canada, it is admitted, is suffering heavily. She has to spend about \$2,000,000 a year on the fleet employed to patrol the disputed waters, and her fishermen report great losses in consequence of the revival of our duty on fish since the Halifax settlement expired.

We see but one way out of the difficulty, since neither a treaty of reciprocity nor a Fisheries Commission can be entertained as practicable. It is a commercial union of the United States and Canada, under a common Tariff, with the entire removal of restrictions upon the commerce between the two countries. Until that is achieved, the relations of the two countries will continue to present just such insoluble problems as this.

#### THE MOTHER OF LINCOLN.

THERE must be some disappointment that Messrs. Hay and Nicolay, in their new Life of Abraham Lincoln, have added little more than one particular to our stock of knowledge concerning his mother. Their allusions to her are, indeed, very brief, and are mostly derived from the previous investigations of Mr. Lamon. The mothers of great men are always to be considered, and while in this case the second wife, Sally Bush, who so faithfully cared for the children of her predecessor, justly holds a more conspicuous place in the biography, there is no reason for not giving due consideration to such details as might be gathered concerning Nancy Hanks Lincoln, whose own child it was that became so great a figure in the history of his time. Her claim is first, and the circumstances of her life, struggling with hardship, weighed down by poverty, succumbing at last to a fatal epidemic, beyond the aid of physicians, in a rude cabin of the new country, give her a special claim upon our sympathy.

As we have said, the new biography, though it goes carefully over all the ground, gleaning more facts, and readjusting old statements, adds but one detail concerning Thomas Lincoln's first wife. This, however, is important: it is the *fac-simile* reproduction of the record in which the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks was duly entered by the Methodist preacher who united them. When Lamon prepared his biography, this document could not be found, and while it was everywhere declared among those who remembered Lincoln's parents that they had been married with all due formality, still the absence of a precise record of the facts was a defect in the biographical chain. This is now supplied; the marriage, it seems, was solemnized before Rev. Jesse Head, a deacon of the M. E. Church, on the 12th of June, 1806.

But it would be very gratifying to know more than this about Lincoln's mother. The case seems far from complete. Let us, however, group the facts that we have. Nancy Hanks, who married Thomas Lincoln in June, 1806, was then a woman "of about twenty-three." She had some education, for she taught her husband to write after their marriage. Her kinsman, John Hanks, spoke of her "high and intellectual forehead." She was considered attractive in person; she was "a slender, symmetrical woman of medium stature, a brunette, with dark hair, regular features, and soft sparkling hazel eyes." In later life, as cares and hardships pressed upon her, she wore habitually an expression of sadness, like her son's countenance when it was in repose. She died in Indiana, October 5th, 1818, aged about thirty-five. These are



the few details the biographers give. Meagre though they are they present a picture not unattractive, and they connect the mother with her son by his definite inheritance of her marked facial expression.

Nancy Hanks bears in history the name of her mother only. Why this is the case we cannot say. The mother, Lucy Hanks, the eldest of four sisters, married Henry Sparrow, and we are told that Nancy was sent at an early age "to live with her uncle and aunt, Thomas and Betsy Sparrow," and spent with them so great a part of her life before marriage as to recognize them as her parents. But why, if Henry Sparrow was her father, she was known by the maiden name of her mother is not explained. It is, however, an inquiry which seems worth making who those four sisters were. Their family was as well known as the Lincolns in that part of Kentucky, in 1806. Thomas Lincoln had been working in the carpenter shop of Joseph Hanks, at Elizabethtown, when he married. "They claim," Lamon says, "that their ancestors came from England to Virginia, whence they migrated to Kentucky with the Lincolns." This "claim" is entitled to respect as a family tradition, and was no doubt in substance correct. The family of Hanks, or Hank, was probably from England originally, and went from Virginia over into Kentucky, in company with the Lincolns about 1780. But that they came from England directly to Virginia we do not think. Let us look into the early history and genealogy of Eastern Pennsylvania a little.

It is now well established that John Lincoln, the great-grandfather of the President, removed from Berks county, Pennsylvania, about 1750, to Rockingham county, Virginia,—his son Abraham going thence over into Kentucky. Now this movement down from Pennsylvania to the valley of Virginia was a considerable one. The Boones went from Berks county at that time, and Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, in their biography, intimately connect them with the Lincolns. But we also know more: at the same time, there went from the same locality a family by the name of Hank. This has been a well established tradition among those Lincolns who remained in Berks county. Mr. David J. Lincoln, of Birdsboro', (near Reading), in a letter written in 1883, says he thinks the name of the head of the migrating family was John Hank, and adds definitely that "he lived on what is now the Perkiomen turnpike, six miles east of Reading, in Exeter township, and within half a mile of Mordecai Lincoln," the father of John who went to Virginia. This John Hank, Mr. Lincoln says, went south "with John and Benjamin Lincoln."

The name Hank is found in the Friends' records of that and an earlier period, in connection with localities where the Boones and Lincolns were. The mother of Daniel Boone was Sarah Morgan, daughter of one of the Welsh settlers of Gwynedd, and her marriage with Squire Boone took place in the meeting-house at Gwynedd, on the 23d of Seventh month, (Old Style, corresponding to September), 1720. At the same place by the same ceremonial of the Friends, John Hank, "of Whitmarsh, yeoman," had married, in the Tenth month (December), 1711, another Gwynedd Welsh girl, Sarah, daughter of Cadwalader Evans. Now this John and Sarah Hank had a son John, born in 1712, who would have been a man grown at the time the Boones and Lincolns settled in Berks county,—1730 to 1735. He was living in 1730, for his father, who then made his will, mentions him in it. What is also suggestive as connecting the Hanks with Berks county, is that the elder John appointed Jonathan Robeson one of his executors, and some of the Robesons were early Berks county land owners.

Now the Lincolns went to Rockingham county, Virginia. Very well: the Friends' records, now preserved at Baltimore, show that in Rockingham county, Virginia, lived John Hanke, doubtless the very man, or his son, who, as David J. Lincoln says, went south with John Lincoln. (The marriage lists show that Hannah, daughter of John Hanke, of Rockingham county, married Asa Lupton, in 1787.)

These are not conclusive proofs, of course, but they are indicative circumstances. If all the links should be carefully gathered up, they would show, I have no doubt, that Nancy Hanks, the wife of Thomas Lincoln, and mother of Abraham, President of the United States, was descended from that John Hank, who went to Rockingham county from Pennsylvania, about 1750, and that he was the son—certainly the kinsman—of John who married Sarah Evans in the Gwynedd Friends' meeting-house, in 1711. These families are associated historically, by locality, condition, and migration, and the mother of the President may be identified as the daughter of the English and Welsh ancestors whose records are found at Gwynedd.

H. M. J.

#### AN IMPORTANT PUBLISHING ENTERPRISE.

ONE of the most extensive and most creditable of modern undertakings by Philadelphia publishers is that of reproducing in our language the great German work on the Arts and Sciences, issued by Brockhaus, of Berlin, under the name of the *Bilder-At-*

*las*. The Leipzig work is very extensive, and deals with the whole circle of knowledge which the subject presents, illustrations accompanying the text in the most profuse manner, but the Philadelphia publishers have been able to make one or more important improvements, and to even increase upon the merits of the original. They have had the great advantage of dealing with the German work in its complete form, and thus of being able to rearrange its contents,—which were not always systematic in their order,—in the most logical and symmetrical sequence, from beginning to end. They secured the services of Dr. David G. Brinton, a most competent authority, as editor, and the American work, (which by arrangement with Mr. Brockhaus is to be the only edition issued in the English language), will be a skilful arrangement of valuable materials. Its title is "The Iconographic Encyclopedia," and two volumes are already out, the first treating of Anthropology, Ethnology and Ethnography, while the second, starting from Prehistoric Archaeology, goes on with the evidences of development of intelligence in the human family,—in fact an elaborate history of culture. As we have already mentioned, illustrations are profusely introduced, and they add a great interest to the work by the fact that they are pictures of actual objects in art or archaeology, reproductions of old engravings, paintings, portraits, etc. Their character and the high order of the art with which they are executed increase enormously the importance,—as well as the cost,—of the whole undertaking. Altogether there will be about 700 steel, wood and lithographic prints, giving about 12,000 distinct figures.

Of course the work will be sold by subscription. It deserves a cordial reception. The plan is to make about fifteen volumes, octavo, and to issue them at intervals of not less than three months. The publishers are a company, (39 North 9th Street), organized for the purpose, as the Iconographic Publishing Company. As we have already suggested, the importance of the work they have undertaken, the concessions to them by Mr. Brockhaus of the sole right to introduce it in all English-speaking countries, the improved arrangement of the matter, the excellent editorial supervision and original contributions of Dr. Brinton, the immense scheme of illustrations, and the very high order of mechanical execution in every respect,—all combine to make this a remarkable enterprise, in whose success Philadelphia may well be interested as a proof of her development in the graphic arts, and the courage of her printers, engravers and publishers.

#### THE HENRY S. HAGERT MEMORIAL.<sup>1</sup>

THE friends of the late Henry S. Hagert, a successful Philadelphia lawyer, who died December 18th, 1885, have issued a modest memorial volume, containing a brief biography, and a selection of his poems and verses. Born in 1826, in Philadelphia, Mr. Hagert was a frequent contributor to the magazines that for a time gave that city a certain literary prominence. His verses are all dated between 1842 and 1854, and after that time his professional activity evidently compelled him to limit his literary efforts. He was however, as this little volume shows, full of poetical feeling, with a happy gift of expression and a sympathy for nature that found expression in verses that deserve being perpetuated in the attractive shape given in this memorial. It is, too, a much better way of paying tribute to the merits of a departed lawyer than the usual fashion of bar meetings and the printed record of the speeches usually made on such occasions. When a man who has made his mark in his profession dies, it is much more satisfactory to see his memory enshrined in preserving his own work, even if it be that of his youthful leisure, than in the somewhat forced eulogy that generally finds expression at public meetings. Mr. Hagert held a high place at the Philadelphia Bar, was elected the public prosecutor, and did his duty with almost judicial equipoise; and he had a large measure of success in the civil as well as the criminal courts, and it is pleasant to see that his devotion to the muse was in no way a drawback or a disadvantage in the advance that marked his maturer years in legal business. His poems were the expression of that exuberance which fitly marks a youth of promise, and they will make his name honorably known among the lesser poets of a generation now nearly passed away. There is something touching in the fact that his best legacy to the world is this little volume of verses which his own modesty limited during his lifetime to the ephemeral pages of periodicals of the day.

#### THE MOABITE STONE.<sup>2</sup>

A RECENT painstaking edition of the text of the famous inscription of King Mesha has raised a new interest in what

<sup>1</sup>DIE INSCRIFT DES KONIGS MESA VON MOAB, für Akademische Vorlesungen herausgegeben, von Rudolf Smend und Albert Socin, Freiburg: 1886. J. C. B. Mohr, (Text und Tafel.)

<sup>2</sup>HENRY S. HAGERT MEMORIAL. Poems and Verses, with Sketch of his Life, Privately Printed for his Friends. 8vo. Pp. 121. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1886.



is undoubtedly one of the most important of Semitic inscriptions ever discovered, and so romantic and at the same time characteristic is the history of this monument that archæologists never tire of repeating it. It was found by Rev. F. Klein, a German missionary, at the site of Dibon, the ancient capital of Moab, in 1868. While the German Consul was endeavoring to procure it for his country and Captain Warren for England, M. Clermont-Ganneau rushed in and made a bid for it on behalf of the French. Then the natives fell into a quarrel in regard to the ownership, and the upshot was that the stone was broken into pieces which were distributed among the families in the neighborhood. Fortunately, however, several squeezes had been made of the inscription by Captain Warren and M. Ganneau, before the stone was broken, and from the latter's copy a fairly intelligent translation could be made. In 1870 Prof. Theodor Nöldeke published a translation and very good commentary, and by 1871, Dr. Ginsburg brought out a quarto volume of some sixty pages in which translations by Ganneau, Derenbourg, Schlottman, Nöldeke, Haug, Geiger, Kämpf, Hitzig, Neubauer, Hayes, Ward, Wright and himself are given in parallel columns.

Meanwhile Ganneau had collected from these Arabs about three-fourths of the pieces of the stone, fitted them together, and had set them up in the Louvre, alongside of the squeeze. For about ten years M. Ganneau has been promising a new text of the inscription from the fragments and the squeeze, but as it has not been forthcoming Profs. Smend and Socin have wisely and well stepped into the breach, improving the text, giving a more coherent translation, with notes and glossary. Every advance in the reading of this inscription is more than welcome, because of its supreme importance in Hebrew history, (Mesha was a contemporary of Ahab, Ahaziah, and Jehoram); of its philological value, the lessons of which have not yet been exhausted, and most of all because of its great palæographical significance. It may be useful to add that its authenticity has never been doubted.

C. A.

## ART AND LETTERS IN PARIS.

PARIS, November, 1886.

IN one of those wonderful conversations which exist only in the memory of old Parisians, Balzac, reflecting upon the increasing luxury of modern society, anticipated that the stage would soon lose those restricted proportions and that relative poverty which are necessary to enable one to embrace the conceptions of poetry, and to appreciate its delicate nuances. "For that matter," said Balzac, "it is on a wretched stage, like that on which the pieces of Hardy and of Shakespeare were played, that poetry lavishes all her treasures, for then she is alone and unaided in the task of fascinating the public. In proportion as the spectacle becomes more perfect, the dramatic art tends to disappear. In the large and sumptuous theatres of the future, dancing, music, pantomime and panorama will take the place of words, and become the only means of expression employed on the stage. The novel, devoted more and more to physiological studies, will be transformed by the influence of the newly born science of anthropology, and thus become a branch of history and natural history. Science in short will absorb in its different manifestations all the departments of literature except verse, and so the day will come when the literary man's only means of gaining money and amassing a fortune will be to know how to write fine verse."

This paradox which Balzac improvised forty years ago, is rapidly becoming true as regards the French stage and the best French literature. Brilliant and sonorous verse is always in demand. Witness the success of Banville's *Socrate et sa Femme*, and of Jean Richepin's *Monsieur Scapin* at the Comédie Française. On the other hand, the tendency in favor of a gorgeous spectacular framework is becoming stronger and stronger. I do not speak so much of the opera or of theatres where scenery and dancing and pantomime form the whole three-hour spectacle. But take pieces like *Theodora* and *Patrie* at the Porte Saint Martin, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Odeon, or the new comic opera *La Cigale et la Fourmi*, which has been produced at the Gaieté with all the splendor of a spectacular fairy piece. So too Sardou's new play *Le Crocodile*, now in preparation at the Porte Saint Martin, is more a pretext for scenery than a literary production. Simultaneously with this development of the scenic and panoramic element on the stage, we have seen of late years the growth of the realistic novel, which has become a sort of department of physiology and psychology, and which has made its way to the stage, after the social studies of Dumas, in the form of dramatizations of novels; for instance Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho*, and *Henriette Maréchal* by the brothers de Goncourt. The programme of the present literary and theatrical season is entirely in conformity with the provisions of Balzac's paradox.

Of the two leaders of French fiction, Edmund de Goncourt

and Alphonse Daudet, the latter will not be ready with his new novel on the French Academy for some months to come. M. Daudet has been in poor health all the summer, and indeed unable to work at all until within the past week or two. M. Edmund de Goncourt vows for the moment that he will write no more novels, but after all nothing is easier to break than a rash vow. At present M. de Goncourt is preparing for the press three volumes of the literary memoirs of himself and his late brother, Jules de Goncourt, which will appear this winter under the title of *Mémoires de la Vie littéraire*, and which are full of curious and interesting notes about the literary celebrities of the last forty years, notably about Gustave Flaubert, Théophile Gautier, and Sainte-Beuve. M. de Goncourt has just published a new edition of his historical study of feminine life in France in the 18th Century, (1 vol. Didot, 30 fr.), with a series of illustration of extraordinary interest. The text of the volume traces the history of the French women of different classes of society from the cradle to the grave, and the illustrations, composed of sixty-four plates, some colored, follow the text incident by incident, and present to us the faithful image of the girl, the fiancée, the young wife, the mother and so forth, as she was seen by the great artists of the last century—Watteau, Greuze, Moreau, Saint-Aubin, etc. The illustrations are beautiful fac-simile reproductions of the finest and rarest engravings and drawings of the epoch, obtained by the Dujardin process.

Amongst notable works of fiction which have appeared recently is *L'Opium* by M. Paul Bonnetain, (1 vol., Charpentier), which is at once an interesting romance and a psychological study. The scene of the romance is laid partly on board a China mail steamer and partly in various towns of China, Tonkin and Annam, the curious aspect and life of which the author has rendered very vividly. M. Bonnetain visited Tonkin and Annam during the recent French expedition, and there had excellent opportunities of studying from the life the existence of the officers and Europeans exiled in these wretched military and colonial stations. But even more interesting than these studies of life and character is the study of the vice of opium-smoking to which the hero of the novel falls a victim. This part of the novel is very curious, and forms, as it were, the complement of De Quincey's famous Confessions of an Opium Eater, for the phenomena produced by smoking are, it appears, very different from those produced by eating the poison. M. Bonnetain's book is by no means gay, and not always amusing, but neither is life itself. *L'Opium* however, has two great qualities, sincerity and literary skill.

A new room has just been opened in the Louvre Museum containing the works of the French masters of the present century, from David and Prudhon down to Henri Regnault and Corot. Who is the greatest painter of the century? The two rivals, Ingres and Delacroix, are both represented by some of their best work, but now there is no longer any room for doubt or hesitation: it is Delacroix who triumphs definitively as the greatest painter of the century; and after him come the great interpreters of rural nature Millét, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Daubigny and Troyon; only, unfortunately, Millét, Rousseau and Corot are represented in the Louvre by unimportant works, the State not having acquired their pictures when they were cheap, and not being rich enough now to pay the prices demanded. M. Paul Mantz, the art critic, has had the good fortune to discover in the church of Aigueperse, a forgotten town in Auvergne, a splendid picture by Mantegna, of which all traces have been lost for centuries. The picture represents a life-size St. Sebastian, resembling in attitude and accessories the small picture of the same subject in the Belvedere at Vienna. The State will doubtless purchase this magnificent work for the Louvre. M. and Mme. Dienlafoy, the explorers of Susiana, and the discoverers of the palaces of Darius and Artaxerxes, are now superintending the arrangement of the treasures they have found in some of the lower rooms of the Louvre. These rooms, however, will not be opened to the public for several months. The sculptor Fremiet and the painter Henri Gervex have both opened studios for ladies, which would seem to indicate that the art craze is beginning to make serious ravages in the fashionable world of Paris.

THEODORE CHILD.

## REVIEWS.

A HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE: from the earliest period to the death of Demosthenes. By Frank Byron Jevons, M. A. 8vo. Pp. 502. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

IT echoes the sentiments, probably, of many people, when Seneca says that, among other things, the problem of the Homeric poems is one which the shortness of human life excludes from human consideration. This saying, however, had more force eighteen hundred years ago, than now in an age of division of labor: and we find the literature on the subject of Homer and his poems if collected would make a small library, in many languages and every

variety of treatment, from folios in Latin down to critical monographs and magazine articles. German professors and graduates fall back upon Homer as the subject best sustaining "original work" and new theories—the question of early Latin metres not being excepted. The writer on Greek Literature in sifting this mass of material, hampered as he is by difficulties of foreign languages and exaggerations of controversialists, attempts a task neither pleasant nor easy.

Recognizing these difficulties, we still do not think that Mr. Jevons in his chapter on the Homeric problems has done his work in a reasonably satisfactory manner. Whatever view he may have had about the fitness of theories and speculations in a manual designed for popular reading, we cannot give him the credit of presenting to his reader a good summary of the whole question, nor even a sufficient statement of the most recent conclusions on the subject.

The theory that the Iliad and Odyssey are by different authors was raised in Alexandria two thousand years ago. At that time this literary heresy received such immediate and universal support that it required the genius and erudition of Aristarchus to combat it and trample it out. Unfortunately we do not possess the writings of the grammarian on this point, and we do not know his argument, but this we do know, that no one of those who have used his methods and reached his conclusions has been able in the light of modern investigations to maintain even a creditable position. When Mr. Jevons, therefore, in spite of the dissent of authorities like Grote, Mahaffy, and Prof. Jebb, tells us "it seems safer to adhere to the literary tradition, which attributes both the Iliad and the Odyssey to Homer," we are somewhat startled, and are forced to believe that he must either be unacquainted with the writings of these men,—which is incredible, of course,—or that he so despairs of reaching a conclusion in the matter that he refuses even to print the most generally accepted theories among scholars of to-day. Mr. Mahaffy, writing in 1880, regards the views of Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Mure,—who, like Mr. Jevons, advocated unity of authorship,—as "old-fashioned," and not to be upheld for a moment by any who have kept pace with the course of criticism in Germany. The Germans themselves, in the progress of Homeric study made after the publication of Wolf's theory, regarded Col. Mure's work as at least a generation behind time. Having themselves pressed on to the higher question of the authorship of the Iliad, they regarded the question of unity of authorship in the two poems settled beyond dispute in the negative; and when later an Englishman advocated Homer as the author of both, they thought his book not entitled to consideration. It is a piece of questionable boldness then for Mr. Jevons to write in a manual of history what is not the general consensus of scholars on the point is question.

What the author believes to be the truth about the composition of the "Iliad,"—whether it is a mosaic of ancient ballads, the outpourings of some old bard of transcendent genius, or a sham literary antique,—is somewhat difficult to discover from his pages. He seems satisfied to reject all theories which are proposed, and does not take the trouble to tell the expectant reader what he is to believe on the subject. An elaborate and really valuable appendix to Chapter III. is devoted to the subject of the composition and transmission of early epics, and the attempt is made to break down two of Wolf's fundamental propositions. It is also demonstrated clearly, that the mechanical device of the commission of Peisistratus to account for the collection and preservation of Homer rests upon historical grounds that are entirely insufficient. If Mr. Jevons thus rejects Wolf's theories and does not otherwise state his belief, we must suppose that he again gives his influence to the support of the "literary tradition," and declares in favor of a personal Homer, the author of both "Iliad" and "Odyssey." In that case he opposes himself directly to a large majority of both German and English scholars. This is not the attitude for a school manual of history.

For an intelligent and very complete review of the entire subject, the reader had better consult Mahaffy's chapters. These, in our opinion, with some harmless abridgment, would make the best summary we have of the Homeric question up to the date of publication (1880).

Mr. Jevons's history is a companion volume to Cruttwell's well-known history of Roman Literature, and shows in some degree the defects and merits of treatment of that work. The same rambling, ill-arranged way of writing seen in Cruttwell's chapters on Cicero, we see in Jevons's treatment of the parts we have discussed above, and elsewhere through the book. In Jevons's consideration of individual authors, there is not always the same completeness that we usually find in Cruttwell—a circumstance due to the fact that there is no Teuffel of Grecian Literature for the author to rely upon.

The chief merit of Mr. Jevons's work in writing his History of Greek Literature has been his contraction of previous histories of

two or more into one volume. This volume contains all that is essential and perhaps something more, though the design for general reading is never lost sight of. Another feature which will meet the approval of many is the omission of quotations and notes in Greek, all words in that language being Romanized in the text. For giving us a concise book suitable to be used in High Schools and Colleges—a work long needed—Mr. Jevons has put all educators under permanent obligations—subject, of course, to such limitations as have been intimated above.

**BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES. ORIENT.** With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Pp. xxii. and 340. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is the tenth volume of lectures Mr. Cook has published, and that so many have found a public and rewarded both the author and the publishers, are facts which justify us in looking for merits of both substance and form in his books. Nor are either hard to find. Mr. Cook is a man of very earnest convictions upon very great questions. He has thought upon these questions for years. He has reached conclusions not widely different from those which are entertained by the great body of his countrymen. But he has come to these as the outcome of far more extensive reading and research than is possible to any but a few men; and he defends them with the power of a genuine eloquence which always makes itself felt. We do not agree with Mr. Cook on many points on which his convictions are extremely important to him. We think that his zeal as a defender of the positions taken by the Orthodox churches generally is indiscriminate, and leads him to apologize at times for whims or blunders, as though they were the crown jewels of our American Christianity. But we never rise from the reading of his lectures without wishing to have him on our side.

In the matter of literary form Mr. Cook is both able and bold, through the consciousness of ability. It was his achievement to break in upon the routine of the popular lecture method, by inventing the prelude or preliminary speech, in which some question of the day is discussed by the lecturer, before he rises to address himself to the main topic of the evening. Thus while the lectures proper in this volume are devoted to an account of Mr. Cook's journey to the East in 1882, the preludes discuss "National Aid to Education," "Revivals, True and False," "Limited Municipal Suffrage for Women," "Religion in Colleges," "Foreign Criticism of America," and "International Duties of Christendom." Next to the novelty and freedom of form comes the felicity of style. Mr. Cook has a natural humor, a turn for epigrammatic statement, and a gift of rhythmic prose, which make it easy to read whatever he chooses to write. He makes great audiences wait on his words, and attracts to them men who differ from him so widely as Mr. Bronson Alcott or Dr. Cyrus Bartol.

His faults are over-haste and over-confidence. He is apt to be very positive as to conclusions which are based upon a very small amount of evidence. Thus he declares, on page 64, that the pastors who pronounce that Mr. Moody has done little for the churches of our great cities, are those who stood by in indifference and with their hands folded, while the work was in progress. This we are able to contradict from our personal knowledge. In this city we could specify a pastor who threw himself into Mr. Moody's work with his whole heart, and encouraged his people to do the same, and who confesses mournfully that the whole result was little better than a negation so far as his church was concerned. Of the people brought in by the excitement of that time, very few have been found to settle down to the less exciting work of an ordinary church life. Their soul craves for big meetings, big excitements, exceptional speakers and the like.

But when Mr. Cook is right, it is well to see him so much in earnest as he is. In his prelude on "National Aid to Education" is a statement which ought to be widely circulated. He says, *inter alia*;

"The most significant storm map of the United States is the chart illustrating the illiteracy of our population. I open it before you in Walker's 'Statistical Atlas of the United States,' and beg you to hover above it long with impartial and searching gaze. Notice how thick and dark the clouds of illiteracy are becoming in the Southwest, in the Gulf, and in Texas, and in the lower part of the Mississippi Valley. See how the gray mists gather on the great rivers of the beautiful lands of Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas, and in the mountain regions of Tennessee and Kentucky, and especially above the foreign population and largest cities of the Northern States. . . . These most suggestive charts I often keep lying open before me in my study, and I sometimes bend over them in solitude with keen, patriotic pain and suffused eyes. They represent the darkest hour in the education history of the foremost Christian republic.

"National aid to education is the only adequate remedy for the national evil of illiteracy. If the attitude of Congress be taken



as representing that of the people at large, public opinion is yet very far from having risen to the height the facts require us to reach, if we are to meet the demands of the case. . . . Next to the Civil Service Reform it ought to rouse most thoroughly the enthusiasm of our cultured circles and younger men, and so force upon Congress prompt action in obedience to the will of the educated part of society."

THE ROUND YEAR. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1886.

Miss Thomas does not belong to the class of women that Dr. Johnson accused of going to live in the country "to feed their chickens and starve their understanding." Those, who, like that delightful prince of cockneys, think that "one green field is much like another," and those people who like the country as a cool, pleasant place in hot weather, will probably not find much to interest them in this little volume. Miss Thomas is quite right in saying that nature does not grant the same intimate intercourse to her "transients," as to her more permanent guests. "You come, eager and aggressive, on your specialist's errand, whatever it may be—botany, ornithology, or other; you may take hence, perforce, a large number and variety of specimens, press the flower, embalm the bird; but a 'dry-garden' and a case of still-life are poor showings for the true natural history of flower or bird." What she says of "nature and the native" is equally true. Any one who has lived in the country from childhood will realize how evidently each season associates itself in the mind with some particular bloom or aspect of the time, amid all the varied appearances, until this one thing becomes to that person the type of the season beyond all others. To some people spring will always mean a double flowering apple tree, a wilderness of loose, pink, swaying blossoms, heavy with bees, with a soft green tufted larch behind it; and a handful of blue violets at its foot—and this with lilac bushes a hundred yards away. What a pity that more of the people whose homes are in the country cannot turn their sense and what the Scotch call their "intellectuals" to as good use! No one then need ever find the country dull.

"A Spring Opening" is the most attractive of the little essays in the volume; but this is a matter of course, for spring and youth are always the most fertile sources of enthusiasm and hope from poets downward. There is promise even in the wrecks of winter. "The long snow has retreated underground, or is fast being carried off by numerous plethoric streams. . . . The earth everywhere looks shriveled and mummy-like, giving us the impression that the cerements have been folded back prematurely, or that the miracle of resurrection lags far behind the hour appointed. Last year's crisp leaves take spasmodic flight, like bits of paper blown about in the electric current. They sail so high, one might fancy they drifted into the folds and creases of the ragged, low-lying clouds that characterize February's sky. . . . The field-mouse is the proprietor of that low grass thatch, looking precisely like the geographical picture of a Hottentot house. Thrust your fingers through the front door, and gently lift off the roof, and you will see as cosy a domicile as ever sheltered a feathered biped. It would seem that this obscure citizen of the earth had some time been to school to the wren or sparrow, so nest-like are the structure and appointments of his sleeping-chamber. I never found much in his larder beside a few apple-seeds—small indication, indeed, of riotous living. A good many well-riddled apples lying in the path of his explorations suggested that he had been living on the vegetarian plan through the winter."

Summer furnishes this "rumination" on grass. "That which all our lives we have under our feet is at length set above our heads—the softly moving janitor, that follows us and shuts the gate opened for our mortal passing—the light touch soon removing all traces of the wound received by earth, when our sleeping-chamber was closed. In fine, still weather you may lie close to the low gate, and, so lying, feel peace and comfort gliding in upon every sense; but do not venture in any form to repeat the old prayer, 'Leeve moder, let me in!' lest the grass should hear, and understanding the mother's sign, gather around, and quickly close over your repining humanity." And in November we have all seen "in pastures, and about the fence corners, weeds of rank flowerage during the autumn now stand with hoary or black tops like a row of snuffed-out candles, once used for an illumination. Here is the milkweed, with its pods set so as to represent a bevy of birds; but the wind is plucking off their silken white plumage and sending it wastefully adrift through the field." The fresh, healthy contact with nature in this little volume is very pleasant, as well as the author's genuine love and knowledge of her subject. No one who has not the patience that is born of enthusiasm can ever be a close student of nature, for "watch and wait" is the motto that everyone must adopt who would search out her silent and hidden ways. Miss Thomas has both the love and the patience; her pages tell of careful observation, and imply many a

solitary tramp over hills and fields. The "pleasure" which she has found "in the pathless woods" is probably much more healthy and profitable than that which Byron experienced.

Miss Thomas is a disciple of Thoreau and Emerson, though her metaphysics are much less intricate; but if she moralizes less she quotes a great deal more. She has a quick, easily-moving fancy, and much delicacy of feeling, with a pleasant and often graceful gift of expression; but the simplicity of her style sometimes suffers from what it is difficult not to call "culture," as that ill-treated word has almost come to mean education grown a little burdensome. There are too many rather commonplace classical illusions, a little too much of the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is not the best English to speak of nature's *fugacious* hints or the *xanthic* colors of autumn. To speak of giving "acoustic character to the nocturnal void" is not a happy way of expressing the subdued sounds of night to a wakeful ear. Perhaps some extraordinary allowance should be made to dwellers by the great lakes for exuberance of expression, but even Lake Erie must be doing its best when over its surface "seethes and sparkles a deflagrating diamond." But these are minor blemishes on a very pleasant and attractive little book.

THE STANDARD ORATORIOS. A Hand-Book. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1886.

Mr. George P. Upton is the author of various books upon music and allied topics, among them "Woman in Music" and "The Standard Operas," both of which have been noticed in these columns. As a companion to the book last named the present volume has been designed, and it is calculated to serve the same kind of purpose as the "Standard Operas." It gives in concise shape all points relative to the history of prominent examples of the Oratorio, with accounts of their composers, and a critical estimate of the music—just the thing an amateur might wish to have as a "refresher" before going to a concert. Some forty works are thus briefly reviewed, and besides the compositions of Handel and that class, attention is given to more modern composers, such as Gounod, Rubinstein, etc. A valuable chapter is a preliminary article on the oratorio *Perse*, giving its history from its inception, by San Felipo Neri at Florence between 1515 and 1550, until the present time. Mr. Upton writes with intelligence, and so far as we have examined his book, and as our knowledge of the subject extends, we see no reason to question the facts he has so agreeably set forth.

#### AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE Cincinnati *Graphic News* announces a holiday number upon which especial efforts, literary and artistic, have been put forth.—Cassell & Co. have in press a holiday edition, with a new and appropriate cover, of Miss Gilder's "Representative Poems of Living Poets."—Among books about the stage in preparation are Mrs. Kennard's *Life of Sarah Siddons*; James Anderson's *Autobiography*; William Winter's *Life of Lawrence Barrett*; Joseph Jefferson's *Reminiscences*; Miss Fanny Davenport's *Life of her father, the admirable E. L. Davenport*; and autobiographies by Dion Boucicault and Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft.) But half of these may never see the light.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood, the author of a book on free public libraries, writes on that subject that next to this country France possesses more free libraries than any other country—having more than 1,000, with over 1,000,000 volumes, while there are 17,500 school libraries containing about 2,000,000 volumes. He says he has "visited many of the free libraries in America, and our cousins there are far ahead of us." Australia leaves England behind in this matter, and Germany is already ahead of her. In 36 years from the passing of the first act England, he says, has the modest number of 135, and out of this the largest and wealthiest city in the world has two within and four outside the metropolitan area, with an aggregate of 54,058 volumes. "How long are we to be behind other countries in this matter of free libraries?"

Messrs. Roberts Brothers will put on the American market the new "Life of Susannah Wesley."—*The Critic* has a paper on the modern writers of Mexico, by Thomas A. Janvier.—The January *Lippincott* will contain a narrative poem by Miss Rose Cleveland called "The Dilemma of the Nineteenth Century," treating satirically of the Woman Question. We see it stated that the publishers of the magazine paid Miss Cleveland \$500 for this poem.

A rumor is again afloat that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher means to finish in the near future his "Life of Christ."—Macmillan & Co. announce a work on elementary dynamics by Rev. J. B. Lock, and a more advanced treatise on the same subject by Prof. J. C. Macgregor.—The Boston Latin School has published a catalogue of the school, with an historical sketch by Rev. Henry F. Jenks.

According to Mr. P. G. Hamerton the friends of Tennyson considered it a degradation for a man of his genius to accept a

peerage.—Prof. Huxley will contribute a chapter to the forthcoming biography of Darwin by the son of the naturalist.—The Clarendon Press is to issue a new edition of Boswell's Johnson, with the "Tour to the Hebrides," edited, with notes, etchings and facsimiles, by George Birkbeck Hill.

Ginn & Co. have added "Ivanhoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" to their series of "Classics for Children."—"Pope Leo XIII., his Life and Letters," is the title of a new work by Rev. James F. Talbot, S. T. D., of Boston.—Women who write for the press are recommended by a thoughtful member of the guild to write on domestic subjects. She says the newspapers have "opened their columns" to such articles. "A woman with a reputation gained finds a ready market for anything she may write, and secures for it as good column rates as any man, save those in the very first rank of literature, while women with slight experience find a fair remuneration, making perhaps from five to seven hundred dollars a year."

The life of Oliver P. Morton, edited by his son, is to be issued next year. Generals Wallace and Carrington and Senators Ingalls, Allison, McMullan and Hoar, have engaged to contribute to the work.—Hon. Hallam Tennyson, son of the Laureate, has written a version of "Jack and the Beanstalk," and the text is accompanied with fifty illustrations by the late Randolph Caldecott.—George Bancroft has over 12,000 volumes in his library; Senator Sherman has several thousand volumes; Senator Logan has one of the finest collection of books in Illinois.

A new work by Mr. Edward King, the well-known American journalist, will soon appear simultaneously in England and the United States, so that the copyright in both may be secured. It will be entitled "A Venetian Lover," and will be a modern romance told in blank verse and interspersed with songs and ballads.

The death is announced of Mr. John Rivington, the well-known English publisher.—A new prose work by Mr. Algernon Swinburne, "The Literary Record of the Quarterly Review," (having, it is supposed, a bearing on the Gosse-Collins quarrels), is to be published at once by Chatto and Windus.—Lord Selborne's "Defence of the Church of England Against Disestablishment," with an introductory letter to Mr. Gladstone, is announced by Macmillan & Co.—Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston's volume, "Music and Manners," is about coming from the press in London. It contains an interesting account of the author's forty years experience as a musical critic, and will no doubt be a book of lasting value.

A Biography of Edmund Randolph, Attorney-General and afterwards Secretary of State under Washington, will be written by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in whose hands the descendants of that statesman and others have placed a large number of unpublished documents and letters, from the year 1782, to 1813, when Randolph died.

Wm. R. Jenkins, New York, has nearly ready for issue the amusing juvenile story by the Countess de Segur, entitled "Les Malheurs de Sophie," which is to be the initial number of a series of stories in French for children to be known as "Bibliothèque Choisie pour la Jeunesse." It is to be bound both in paper and cloth. The same publisher announces that he will add a second Italian book to his list by publishing a reprint of an amusing novellina of Barili's entitled "Una Notte Bizzarra." Like its predecessor, it will be supplied with English notes by Prof. T. E. Comba, of the Amherst Summer College of Languages.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, London, will publish during the coming winter a Foreign Biblical Library. It will include a translation of Franz Delitzsch's commentary on the Psalms.

It is said that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a portrait of the author's son, Vivian Burnett, now some thirteen years old.—Mr. Bishop's *Atlantic* novel, "The Golden Justice," is to be re-issued in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Mr. Cotter Morison's volume, "The Service of Man," will probably be published before long.—The Lippincott Co. announces the autobiography of Mrs. M. J. Coston. It recounts the author's experiences in introducing the Coston signal light.

Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander Hodge, LL. D., the distinguished professor of theology at Princeton, who died on the 12th inst., aged 63, was the author of the standard "Outlines of Theology." He was also the author of a biography of his father, Dr. Charles Hodge, and was at one time editor of the *Presbyterian Review*.

Mr. Murray, the London publisher, is going to carry out his father's long cherished project, and in January next will issue the first number of *Murray's Monthly*, a monthly periodical, to be edited by Edward A. Arnold, a nephew of Matthew Arnold.

Mr. Richard Jefferies, the author of "After London," "The Gamekeeper at Home," and other popular works, is now engaged

in writing a novel dealing chiefly with the manners and customs of the rural population in England during the nineteenth century. Perhaps there is no man in England who has a larger acquaintance among, or deeper sympathy with, farmers and laborers than Mr. Jefferies.

Mr. Abbey's illustrated "She Stoops to Conquer" and Frank French's "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers" will be the principal holiday books published by Harper & Bros.—The Earl of Carnarvon has come into possession of the manuscripts of the Chesterfield letters. They are believed to show interesting variations from the published text.—Mrs. Langtry, the "professional beauty" and actress, is reported to be writing a novel dealing with life in England and America.

#### PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

A NEW Assyriological journal called the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* is to be published in London under the joint editorship of Prof. Ferriën de la Couperie, Mr. W. C. Capper and Mr. T. G. Pinches, of the British Museum.

The December *St. Nicholas* is made especially attractive as the Christmas number. It contains the first part of a new story by Frank R. Stockton, "A Fortunate Opening," which is something after the manner of the author's "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine;" and also the first part of a short serial by Mrs. Burnett.

In the December *Century*, the authors of the Life of Lincoln state that Lincoln's release from the service of the United States after the brief and trivial "Black Hawk War," was signed by Lieut. Robert Anderson, afterward the defender of Fort Sumter. The authors further say that the story to the effect that Lincoln was mustered into service by Jefferson Davis is not confirmed by the strictest search in the records. They publish in a foot-note a statement by Adjutant-General Drum giving all the known facts in relation to this story.

#### ART NOTES.

MR. SIEDELMAYER, the art dealer who is now exhibiting Munkacsy's great picture, "Christ Before Pilate," is credited with a suggestion in connection with the American Exhibition in London, which is of interest to artists who intend to contribute. Mr. Siedelmayer has exhibition galleries in Paris of ample accommodation, and the idea he offers for consideration is that the pictures and other works sent to London shall be transferred, after the close of the American Exhibition, to Paris. As at present understood, he will give the use of his galleries for this purpose, rent free, for three months. The undertaking may be put in charge of a Hanging Committee of American artists, selected by the contributors. This is certainly an important suggestion, and, backed as it is by a very liberal offer, it can hardly fail to meet with appreciative attention. If the proposition is to be carried out, immediate steps should be taken to get the preliminaries settled, as the whole should be put in working order before the opening of the American Exhibition in May next.

The American Art Association of New York has been transformed into the American Association for the Encouragement of Art; substantially the same corporation, but with somewhat different objects. The reorganization has been effected to permit the importation of foreign works, and exhibitions of French, English and German pictures, as well as American, may now be looked for in the Madison Square galleries.

It is said that Rembrandt's famous picture, "The Gilder," which was imported over a year ago, is at last to be shown to the public. It is said that negotiations for the sale of the picture have heretofore kept it in the dark, so to speak, but these negotiations are now off, and the painting can be seen and can also be purchased, providing there is a buyer in the country with a sufficiently long purse.

The Art Institute of Chicago has opened its schools under promising auspices, and with a surprisingly large attendance. The day classes began with 250 pupils and the evening classes with 65. The evening classes are devoted to drawing, modeling and designing, and the students are mechanics, artisans, engravers, and others engaged in handicrafts during the day. There are six instructors, said to be well qualified; and the Institute has already accumulated a good collection of casts and other artistic material.

The fifth annual fall exhibition of the National Academy of Design, (New York), opened this week with 637 pictures and a few examples of sculpture. The collection has been generally characterized by the press as below the average of former autumnal displays, and as these are not expected to be up to the level of the spring exhibitions, the judgment of the critics is rather severe. F. A. Bridgman, Childe Hassam, H. R. Butler, E. H.



Blashfield, Homer Martin, William T. Trego, M. F. H. De Haas, Winston Homer, C. W. Easton, Walter L. Palmer, A. F. Bunner, Robert S. Pattison, Rhoda Holmes Nichols, Edward Gay, Eleanor Norcross, Eastman Johnson, H. Bolton Jones and David Johnson are the contributors receiving the most favorable notice.

The matter of giving Academicians places on the line irrespective of merit has again been brought up in connection with this exhibition, and some harsh things have been said of the "old fossils" who insist on maintaining a practice denounced as unjust and injurious. It should be remembered that the old fossils made the Academy. It is in a sense their property. They built it up by their own work and their own money. It is a bold position to assume that they have now no right to exhibit their pictures on the walls they have erected.

One of the saddest events recently recorded is the death of William Bliss Baker at the early age of twenty-seven years. Mr. Baker had a fall on the ice, while out sketching last winter, occasioning an injury to the spine which has now proved fatal after a long and painful confinement. Though so young, this artist stood in the front rank of landscape painters, and in the interpretation of the more subdued moods of nature, the tender, coy advances of spring, the sombre harmonies of later autumn, and the riches of color found within the narrow limits of snow-covered meadows in January, no American painter has shown such sympathetic understanding and such skill of representation. Many of his best works are owned in New York, but several of them have been exhibited in Philadelphia; noticeably, "Morning in the Meadows," "After the Snow," "The Wood and Brook," "Solitude," "Under the Apple Trees," "Fallen Monarch," and two or three smaller landscapes. Mr. Baker, during the past year, while unable to paint out-of-doors, as his custom was, turned his attention to etching, and produced several plates demonstrating signal ability in this branch of art.

There has been a good deal of gossip since the death of Mrs. A. T. Stewart as to the probable disposition of the large and valuable Stewart collection, brought together with great pains by the merchant prince during the later years of his life. It was said when his house was built on Fifth avenue that it had the appearance of a public institution, and this was accounted for by the statement, generally credited at the time, that Mr. Stewart's intention was to devise the property in trust for a public art gallery, with his pictures and other art treasures as a foundation for a collection worthy of the metropolis of the new world. It now appears, according to the New York papers, that this purpose, if Mr. Stewart ever had such a purpose, is not to be carried out. Judge Hilton has decided, it is said, to put the collection under the hammer and scatter it to the four winds for whatever it will bring.

Professor Angeli's full length portrait of Queen Victoria, recently finished, has been given an honored place in Her Majesty's private drawing-room in Buckingham Palace. The work is said to be more pleasing to the Queen than any portrait since that painted by Thomas Sully, now in St. George's Hall in this city, which represents her as a beautiful girl of eighteen.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

THE annual report of the Signal Service has been transmitted to the Secretary of War by Gen. W. B. Hazen, Chief Signal Officer. Of that part of the work of the Signal Service in which the public is most directly interested,—the publication of weather forecasts,—the Chief Signal Officer says that these forecasts are now growing to be in so great demand that it is impossible to accede to all the requests from different parties which are made for the special warnings which the Service issues when any remarkable change in the weather is indicated. The regular forecasts of the weather have been steadily rising in accuracy of prediction, and Gen. Hazen feels convinced that their commercial value has been great. The cold wave signal is now displayed at 290 cities and towns in the United States and from these points distributed by telephone and railways to about 20,000 stations. An appropriation of \$5000 is recommended for the extension of the service, and the opinion is expressed that no appropriation would be more acceptable to the people. Of the 1065 cold wave signals displayed during the year, 911, or 85.5 per cent. were justified. Of the utility of the flood warnings furnished by the Signal Service the report says a careful estimate shows that property valued at \$128,000 was saved at a single station (Nashville, Tenn.), by the warnings of the Signal Service on the Cumberland River during March and April of the current year. The system of sea-coast telegraph lines is said to be of great value, and its extension along the entire Atlantic coast is recommended. The work of training young men for the duties of the Service which has been hitherto carried on at Fort Myer will now have to be discontinued, at least tempo-

rarily, because of the failure of the last Congress to make an appropriation for the purpose. Gen. Hazen expresses much regret at this, as he believes much good to the Service resulted from its operations. One of the ways which has been taken for improving the material of the Service has been in offering inducements for college graduates to enter it, which has been effective to such an extent that of the enlistments last year in the force over 25 per cent. were of this class.

The following interesting account of an experiment on the results of brain-mutilation in a fish was communicated to the French Academy by M. Vulpian, the eminent biologist. The cerebral lobes were removed from a carp on March 18th last, and the fish was under daily observation up to the 29th of September, when it died from causes believed by the experimenter to be wholly unconnected with the brain injury. During all this time its movements and respirations were normal, not differing from those of its uninjured fellows. In fact, two months after the operation, M. Vulpian could not perceive any difference in its movements and behavior from those of healthy fishes. Its sight was in no wise impaired. It saw and avoided obstacles, and readily recognized the yellow and white fragments of boiled egg on the bottom of the aquarium. It struggled actively with its fellows to obtain the small particles of food thrown into the water, seeing them from a distance, and following them as they fell. At the approach of the one feeding the fishes, it would swim from the opposite side of the aquarium, manifesting no impairment of intelligence. Its sense of taste was preserved, as shown by its rejecting non-alimentary substance accidentally taken into its mouth. The sense of smell only, was destroyed, owing to the mutilation of the olfactory processes; otherwise it seemed to retain all the senses, and the intellectual and instinctive faculties of the normal healthy fish. Upon examination, the cerebral lobes and pineal gland were found to be entirely wanting, but the rest of the brain was intact. Although nearly six months had elapsed since the operation, there was no indication of the regeneration of the lobes. The opening in the cranium closed up in about two months, and, had the fish lived a month or two longer, the author was certain that the walls would have been wholly ossified. The experiment shows that the instinct and the will—faculties which in all higher animals seem to be located in the cerebrum—are capable of their full manifestation in the fish after its complete removal.

In a recent issue of the Vienna Anthropological Society, Dr. M. Halberlandt discusses the origin, extent, and significance of tattooing. He does not believe that it was at first meant merely as ornament. He attributes to it a religious significance, the figures described on the skin having some reference to the totemic or ancestral god of the clan, and serving as a protection to the wearer. In latter days when this meaning had faded, the figure became a mere style of personal decoration. Dr. Halberlandt draws a distinction between tattooing, in which the figures are delineated by inserting a fine pointed instrument repeatedly into the skin, and what he calls, from an Australian word, the *manka*, in which process the lines are scratched or cut, and the coloring matter rubbed in. This distinction he maintains is important as an ethnological criterion.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- WHIST SCORES AND CARD TABLE TALK. By Rudolph H. Rheinhardt. Pp. 310. \$1.50. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.
- THE STANDARD ORATORIOS; THEIR STORIES, THEIR MUSIC AND THEIR COMPOSERS. By George P. Upton. Pp. 335. \$— A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.
- MISS RUTH AND MISS SUSAN, OR THE STORY OF THE SPRUCE LEDGE. By Helen E. Chapman. Pp. 287. \$1.00. Presbyterian Board of Publication, Phila.
- KATY OF CATOCTIN, OR THE CHAIN BREAKERS. A National Romance. By George Alfred Townsend. Pp. 567. \$— D. Appleton & Co., New York.
- HISTORY OF THE INDIAN WALK PERFORMED FOR THE PROPRIETARIES OF PENNSYLVANIA IN 1737; to which is appended a Life of Edward Marshall. By William J. Buck. Pp. 269. \$2.00. Philadelphia: 186.h (For sale by Edwin S. Stuart, Phila.)
- "MANNERS MAKETH MAN." By the Author of "How to be Happy, though Married." Pp. 285. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- A MIRAGE OF PROMISE. By Harriet Pennawell Belt. Pp. 354. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ROBERT BROWNING'S POETRY. By Hiram Corson, LL.D. Pp. 338. \$1.50, (by mail.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
- LE BUSTE. Par Edmond About. Pp. 145. \$0.25. New York: W. R. Jenkins.
- L'AMI FRITZ. Par Erekmann-Chatrian. Pp. 303. \$0.60. New York: W. R. Jenkins.
- HALF MARRIED. Agamé Gamé. By Annie Bliss McConnell. Pp. 311. \$1.24. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

MODERN IDOLS. Studies in Biography and Criticism. By William Henry Thorne. Pp. 179. \$1.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

PURE GOLD. A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Pp. 403. \$0.75. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE YOUNG WRECKER OF THE FLORIDA REEF; or the trials and Adventures of Fred Ransom. By Richard Meade Bache. (Sixth edition.) Pp. 381. \$1.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

HIS ONE FAULT. By J. T. Trowbridge. Pp. 275. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

LITTLE MISS WEEZY. By Penn Shirley. Pp. 141. \$1.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

### THE INTELLECTUAL MISSION OF THE SARACENS.<sup>1</sup>

WAS the Arabian mind scientific in the sense in which the Greek mind had proved itself so, or in the sense in which the mind of Christian Europe proved itself so when, at length, the latter fell heir to the knowledge of the ancients?

If we put the question in this form, we shall find that it cannot be answered by merely enumerating the multitude of things which the Arabians knew. We must consider the use they were able to make of their knowledge. It is an essential characteristic of the scientific spirit that it not only acquaints itself with a multitude of phenomena, but arranges such phenomena in harmonious systems which display pervading laws and point to originating forces. We may have vast accumulations of facts without science, and may go on adding to the store without directly advancing science. Some master mind must come and treat the accumulations scientifically. The discovery of a new fossil species or a new mineral, or, in the present state of chemistry and astronomy, of a new metal or a new asteroid, or, in mental science, the mere noting of a hitherto unnoticed form of action, may be an entirely insignificant event. The process of fact-accumulation often goes on for a long time without any result of importance to science as such. It is not a useless process, because facts are the *a, b, c*, or the bricks and mortar of science, but they are not science. What we so name is the architectural thought into which the bricks and mortar of facts are wrought, and by which we secure a harmonious unification of phenomena. Of this kind of work we find little or none among the Arabians. They took the systems which were handed over to them, along with a vast amount of material which had not yet been wrought into systems, and they left all substantially as they found it. In one department and another they increased the raw material, but they did not know how to work it up. They toiled perseveringly and with self-denial, traveling to the ends of the earth, examining, collecting, studying, and observing, but they had not constructive genius. In astronomy they made numerous observations with their improved instruments, and published astronomical tables, which, as the Saracens were able to observe more closely than their predecessors, were better than those that existed among the ancients. They measured over and over again the inclination of the ecliptic, and, in order to determine the earth's dimensions, they ascertained by careful toil the length of degrees of latitude in two different regions. But they made but one, or possibly two, new discoveries which might affect the condition of astronomical science; the motion of the sun's apogee, detected by El Batini, and the third irregularity of the moon, by Abul Wefa. The first of these observations reflects great credit upon its author. The propriety of giving to Abul Wefa the merit of the second has been questioned, and by some of the highest authorities denied. In view of the dispute we must leave his desert undetermined. Whether or not he detected the motion, it is remarkable that the moon's variation, as the third irregularity is called, was lost sight of by the Arabians, if they ever knew of it. Abul Wefa did not pursue the subject, nor was the amount of the variation reduced to measure. The irregularity was so completely forgotten that when it was noticed by Tycho Brahe it was supposed to be an entirely new contribution to astronomical science. The one discovery in astronomy, therefore, which is fully conceded—that of the motion of the sun's apogee—stands as a marked exception in all the work of the Arabian astronomers, extended over a period of five hundred years. In contrast with this result, Christian Europe had not been in possession of Greek astronomy more than three or four hundred years before the whole Hipparchan theory was revolutionized by Copernicus, while Newton's great theory of universal gravitation was woven around the whole solar system only a century and a half later. The Saracens had complained of the unwieldiness of the Hipparchan system, but they lacked either the genius or the independence to break away from it.

Their career in other branches of science is of like character.

Into statics and hydraulics they introduced no new principle, nor were they able to move forward and establish a science of motion or dynamics. Their great physicist was El Hazen, to whose credit it is to be placed the further prosecution of Ptolemy's observations on the refraction of light, or perhaps the independent discovery of the laws of refraction; certainly the correction of one of Ptolemy's errors. The particulars of astronomical refraction he also definitely and clearly stated, and for this deserves much of the praise bestowed on him, though the ground had already been trodden by Ptolemy. Beyond this work of El Hazen the Arabians do not seem to have contributed to the science of optics, though there was great need of a further practical knowledge of the use of lenses. Before they were through with science, and as early as the thirteenth century, we have found an Englishman, Roger Bacon, busying himself with lenses, and insisting on the importance of optical improvements for the furtherance of astronomical observations.

It is in alchemy more than anywhere else that the Arabians have the credit of new discoveries. But it is universally conceded that in their hands it never attained to the dignity of a science. In their eager search for the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, they were stimulated to the preparation of new compounds, some of which have proved of great utility in the arts and as instruments of science, but there was no approach to a scientific handling of facts. They are the reputed discoverers of nitric

and sulphuric acid; they prepared absolute alcohol and phosphorus; they put sal-ammoniac to nitric acid and dissolved gold; but they did not know the composition of the acids which they discovered, nor was there any system which could connect the facts. They worked away with retort and furnace and reagent through five hundred years, but alchemy was still a chaos. It is hard to understand how so learned a writer as Dr. John William Draper can declare, on the ground of Geber's discovery of nitric acid, that his name marks an epoch in chemistry equal in importance to that of Priestley and Lavoisier. What scientific result, it may be asked, followed the discovery of nitric acid, valuable as that reagent is? The discovery of oxygen by Priestley, and the decomposition of water by Cavendish, and the promulgation of the oxygen theory by Lavoisier, revolutionized chemistry. In like manner, when the same authority declares of Geber's theory—which makes all metals to be compounded of sulphur, mercury, and arsenic—that, though erroneous, "it is not without scientific value," we can only accept the statement under narrow limitations.

The experience of the Arabians in philosophy repeats that which is illustrated in the natural sciences and in mathematics. In the school of logic and speculation they were learners, not originators. They devoted themselves to these studies with ardor and perseverance; they became voluminous writers. But in the whole line of philosophers, from El Kendi down to Ibn Roschd or Averroes, including El Farabi, El Gazali, Ibn Badja, and Ibn Tofail, no one is looked back to by modern students as an authority. There was no Arabian Plato or Aristotle. The Mohammedan philosophers are chiefly celebrated for their commentaries on their Greek master, whom they blindly followed. Ibn Roschd, the greatest among them and the last who attained distinction, is quoted as saying that since Aristotle no one had added anything of consequence to logic, physics, or metaphysics; thus denying any originality to the numerous speculative writers of his own faith.

### MOTHER GOOSE IN OUR POETRY.<sup>2</sup>

IT is a very pathetic thing to see the efforts some of our industrious young poets make to write something good. They appear to gird up their loins, and rake the dictionary, and crowd their verses with all the choicest kind of language, all to no avail. "Majora canamus!" they constantly claim, but they somehow continue to be minor poets.

It has occurred to me that they might do well to risk an opposite course. Instead of attempting any longer to make their verse mean something (for in this they do not seem fitted by nature to succeed), let them try to enrich it with passages of melodious idiocy. Like the wretched prisoners in the elevator, since the thing won't go up, why not try it down?

For it has been borne in on me lately that people like a little Mother Goose in their poetry. I notice that some of the stanzas most quoted from our best poets are those of whose real meaning the quoters plainly have not the remotest idea. It is not merely that the verse is liked in spite of its having, to them, no meaning, but just because of this fact. I can remember that I used to be fond of chanting,

"Corn rigs, and barley rigs,  
And corn rigs are bonnie,"

before I had any notion whatever of the sense of "rigs." Since the time of learning the meaning of the word, I observe that I do not seem to care half so much for the song. There is a verse of Maud that I used to rave over continually when a boy. It runs:—

"The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
And the pimpernel dozed on the lea."

Now this pimpernel was not a flower familiar to my childhood, and I actually supposed it was a bird. I can see now the picture as my innocent youthful mind conceived it,—the pimpernel standing gravely on one long and stilt-like leg at the margin of the lake, well out of the cold wind, on "the lee" side, fast asleep, and probably dreaming of more polliwogs. When this halcyon bird flapped his wings of fancy and soared away on a gale of truth, the charm of the stanza was gone for me. Is there any line of Auld Lang Syne that simple people sing with such appreciative fervor as that of, "Pu'ing" the "gowans fine?" And what idea have they when they declaim of "shuffling off this mortal coil?" And what feline melodiousness is suggested to them by Milton's "Eagle mewing her mighty youth?" And how nonplused they would be if suddenly called on to expound in their true relation to the thought those lines, so charming in their "simplicity,"—

"For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem!"

How many times have we heard some poem of Browning or of Emerson delivered with ingenuous enthusiasm as a "selection" at some reading club, or "circle," when to have stopped the reading and naively inquired the meaning, would have brought on a most painful situation! Depend upon it, there is nothing that so lends charm to verses as the line that is perfect nonsense to us, so long as we do not notice that it lacks sense. Even passages that are frankly and avowedly nonsense meet a felt want. Is it not one of the charms of the old ballads that they refresh our intellects now and again with their "Oh and's" and "Oh but's," and their "Hey no nonny's?" What a terrible line is that in the "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens,"—

"And gurly grew the sea!"

These meaningless refrains and unintelligible words are like the parenthetical twirls and "warbles" of the bagpipe, or like the banjoi's strum and stamp. As the bumper of milk refreshes the weary pedestrian, so do these dashes of nonsense the mind, by a return to the diet of infancy.

<sup>1</sup>From the December *Atlantic Monthly*.

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<sup>2</sup>From an article by Edward Hungerford in the *Atlantic Monthly*.



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For use and service, as well as style, it is highly recommended. [*Worth in the old to order way, \$28.*]

### ANGLO-AMERICAN ULSTERS.

**\$20,** English Lamb's Wool, self-lined, will last for years. The perfect protector from cold and storm. [*Such a garment is worth to order, \$35.*]

**\$35,** Fur-Fleeced Aberdeen Ulstering, a magnificent Winter garment, made for us from the wool up. [*Such garments could never be had before but at prohibitory prices, costing anywhere from \$50 to \$60.*]

### ENGLISH SUITS.

Of cut and style unequaled. They cannot be duplicated or even effectively imitated.

**\$18,** Of Check Scotch goods, in capital effect and excellent style. [*Worth in the old to order way, \$30.*]

**\$22,** Of Velvet-faced English Cassimere; the goods now most in favor in London for Winter suits:—Rich in touch, style and appearance. [*Worth in the old to order way, \$40.*]

**\$25,** The very finest black English Diagonal Corkscrew coat and vest. In the highest class "West End" London Tailoring. Such garments were never before to be had ready-made. [*Worth in the old to order way, \$40.*]

The above are only a few examples of what we are doing; the fullest exemplifications await your visit.

E. O. THOMPSON,

CUSTOMER CLOTHIER,

TAILOR AND IMPORTER,

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